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Uncle Billy's Narrative;

OR,

The Fifth Nationality Complete.

IN TWO PARTS.

Proving That the United States is the Fifth Nationality That Should Come in the Latter Times.

ELECTION OF SHERMAN—RUPTURE WITH MEXICO—WAR WITH SPAIN AND ENGLAND—ANNEXATION OF ALL OUTLYING LANDS—PROPHECY FULFILLED.

As Told By Uncle Billy in 1925.

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UNCLE BILLY'S NARRATIVE;

OR,

The Fifth Nationality.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, Uncle Billy, please do tell us a story about our happy country," were the words of a number of children that were seated around a stove in a rural district mansion.

The old man sat in an armed-chair at one side of the stove and his wife on the other, well seated in one of smaller dimensions. The boys, that they might not disturb the old man's meditations, seemed to keep as much silence as possible for individuals of their age. The fire roared loud, which made the old mansion glow with recollections of Christmas holidays long since passed, and also those near at hand, that we had come to spend with Uncle Billy.

"Very willingly, my boys," said Uncle Billy, amused by his returning recollections. "I'll tell you about our dear country and the vast regions where she has extended freedom and liberty; but, before I begin, I want you, master Harry, to bound our glorious country, the United States."

"That I can do, Uncle Billy: it is bounded on the north by the Arctic, on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Oceans; or, as the Bible says, the fifth great nationality is bounded by the eastern sea and

the great sea: "'From the border unto the east sea, this shall be the east side. . . . The west side also shall the great sea; from the border, this is the west side."

"Very good—excellent," said Uncle Billy. "Now what can you tell about the inhabitants of our country?"

"Its inhabitants, the amalgamation of the finest European races forming a national character, having for its basis the irresistible energy and steady courage of the Anglo-Saxton, in which are mingled the religious tenacity of the thrifty Scot; the generous bravery of the quick-witted Irishman; the sanguine and the elastic spirit of the mercurial Frenchman, and the patient, persevering industry of the honest German."

"Yes, my dear children, our forefathers were not of high patrician birth, but generally selected of that class which in England especially constitutes the very best and most enterprising of her people. Independence of mind, a fearless spirit, with an unparalleled strength of purpose, were characteristics by which they were distinguished. Another and different race might have been our fathers; but God had high and important purposes in view, and therefore selected men who possessed the power and were furnished with the materials to lay the deep and broad foundations of a nation destined to be unexampled and glorious. The nature of the constitutions and laws they framed and adopted; their moral tendancy; the strictness of their religious sentiments, all give evidence of an overruling Providence; and as long as the religion of Jesus is permitted to lie deeply rooted in her institutions, she can never fall. The Rock of Ages is her abiding place. She is supported by pillars of strength and beauty that suffer no decay, and bid defiance to the tooth of time. It seem-

eth but natural, then, for us to see her in the front among nations, her stars pouring light upon the millennial morning, while her spirit-waking trumpet shall break upon the ears of slumbering millions."

"Yes, my dear children, our glorious Republic glowed in the breasts of the prophets in long ages past, as the Bible tells us so extensively and plainly, that it would be impossible to disbelieve, less you disbelieve the sacred WORD itself. It was the delight of Ezekiel, who gave its boundary so definitely, and the eloquence of Isaiah, who went so far as to declare that old Spain should be the first to bring its inhabitants hither; while Jeremias declared it to be a republic, and that the rulers should proceed from the midst of the people; and many others went into rapturous delight over its glory. Moses spoke of the eagle spreading her wings over her young and stirring up her nest, for so has the America eagle spread his wings over all men. He says they shall be free, without saying whether they are Jews, Christians or Infidels; if they behave themselves, they are all welcome here.

Hail Columbia! Happy Land! Thou art the friend of the oppressed of all lands. Oh! our glorious Republic; may the Supreme Being still guide thee in prosperity and glory; and we will praise our God forever and forever!"

CHAPTER II.

"When I look over our great Union, and see the extensive factories, mills, mines, shops, railroads and canals so busy, I feel that our country is the great store-house of productions and manufactures for the whole world, without a rival nation. Old England dead; she gamboled with the world till she lost the sword. Ireland free; Australia independent, and India annexed by Russia long ago. So extensive is the demand for our manufactured commodities, that our factories are run to their utmost capacity; our mills cannot supply the orders crowded upon them; and our furnaces and mines give abundance of work to the laboring classes.

Our own dear Frederick city is growing larger, and larger, and we can hardly build houses fast enough for the people who want to live in them, that come to work in our cotton factories, car shops, furnaces and mills, besides merchants, lawyers, doctors, and others, who get their share of profits out of the tens of thousands circulated monthly, while with the increased prosperity we find little poverty, as everybody has plenty of work and money. Young men can now go into the army or navy, while openings can be found in all the professions, or even the government offices. What prosperous times we have, with gold, silver and plenty of greenbacks—legal tender notes—the sole paper money of the country, receivable for all debts public or private. But this was not so fifty years ago; then a frightful depression was resting upon all branches of industry; not a village but had some of its citizens out

of employment, oftentimes numbers longing for work to support their starving families and themselves by honest labor. But where was the work? Factories idle; trade, the calm health of nations, paralized; capital, selfishly locked up in bank vaults, refusing to flow in accustomed ways for the common good. What a contrast! We were promised everything by the Democratic congress and the politician who wanted office, but they did nothing: however, with a pretense of prosperity, cried out for a reduction, or extinction, of the army, which was already inadequate to protect the large frontier of our country,—troubles with the Indians and Mexico. They feared intimidation. They could not see that a bad president with 500 soldiers could do more harm than a good president would with 100,000, now that reconciliation had come, for they went into office with a cry of retrenchment and could not be made to eat their own pledges. Meanwhile the good administration of President Hayes dispersed every midst and shadow and shone forth resplendent in the clear light of patriotic fame, bringing reconciliation to our discordant land. But how was the rock to be tapped from which all common blessings flowed that belong to the people but in the successful management of national finance and the annexations predestined? Nominating time was near, and the political parties began to look for their presidential candidate. As usual, the more enthusiastic newspapers spoke of different politicians, each of course figuring them out in accordance with individual preferences, but the great mass of the people wanted Secretary Sherman. They wanted a man who stood up for the Union, the equality of all citizens, the principles and practices of the founders of the government, supplying by legislation, when needed,

what was established by custom, and eliminating sectionalism by a wise and patriotic policy.

Now, you may want to know who Mr. Sherman is: he was Secretary of the Treasury during President Hayes' administration, and whose wonderful success in managing the national finances gave him a strength and popularity among the people that his opponents dare not undurate, and his financial results left their marks upon the country in so many ways that it was not difficult to understand why he advanced to the front as one of the most popular candidates for the presidential nomination of a great party. His financial success made his name a household word in homes where are, instead of hunger, work and plenty; instead of idle looms and closed shops, the welcome hum of machinery and the ringing peals of the anvil and forge; all brought about by his faithfulness and financial ability, giving evidence of his unwavering patriotism and devotion to his country.

You have heard a great deal of talk about party. Now, the party destined to control the interest of our country is the Republican party, for it is a national party, and a constitutional party. It tends to administer the government according to the principles of the constitution, and I begin to think that the Republican party can never die, because it is an outgrowth and representative of our constitution, therefore you cannot kill it without you kill the constitution out of which it derives its strength and existence.

Said a politician, 'The Republicans will elect Sherman. We are going to win. We are going to triumph. Every breeze that sweeps over the country brings glad tidings of increasing power. We are going to elect Sherman, the constitution demands it; the people demand it; and

Providence gives it a smile. I tell you, every citizen will be happy. We are on the eve of a prosperity never before known. Rally, soldiers, rally! keep in order, victory is yours.'

Never before in the history of our country was the campaign more exciting, or the people more earnest and determined in not being swayed by electioneering schemes. They looked matters squarely in the face and determined to cast their votes for the best candidate. I can look back with pride at the campaign with its massmeetings, pole-raisings and barbacues, of dense masses of ardent, enthusiastic voters who came pouring into our villages and groves, renown for their many popular and hilarious meetings. Not only the men, but the women, too, often in large numbers, occupying the rude seats that patriotic hands erected, and from hundreds to many thousand people eagerly and attentively listening to the eloquent speakers who addressed the meetings, and the deep spirit of the people in the campaign was manifest by the great applause and enthusiasm shown during those times, and at every reference to the name of the candidate.

These meetings were of extraordinary extent, with the usual transparencies, music and torches; which brought many hundreds in their train to the meetings; yet voters did not come to see this display, but were urged by patriotism to rally round these great council lights during the campaign, and expressed joy with deep gratification, and long remembered the great spectacles which enthused them with new life and vigor.

CHAPTER III.

What a shout of victory was heard all through the country of the election of Sherman, for a perfect fairness to vote gave him as a free and fair expression of the will of the people the popular majority of over a half a million votes. The Democrats looked haggard and dejected at this majority and their defeat; yet there were many prominent individuals in their ranks who were shrewd and farseeing, who studied the drift of events, and were tolerably reliable prophets of politics. Notwithstanding that the party did little but blunder along, and threw away its chances one after another of ever controlling the country, for the false position taken by the Democratic leaders on the great questions utterly disqualified them from leadership. With good leaders, the party might have prevented the blunders which it underwent, yet in all the large number of wise heads, there appeared to be none farseeing enough for a radical revolution in politics. So the Democrats never regained power, though they continued a strong opposition for several elections, but an opposition to criticise is of more use out of office than in, and as Providence points out the right way by the mistakes of the unwise, it was not in our place to quarrel with the Democrats who were determined to elect Sherman President.

Mr. Sherman was inaugurated and taken to the White House, and we began to look forward to the grand era of prosperity promised, as our government is a providential Republic, and the time was at hand when the fifth nationality should be complete. A cause and it was born;

a cause apparently trifling yet great in accomplishing His divine will, and it is complete. Now, the prognostica commenced by marauding bands on our Mexican frontier, supported by Mexico. Our government could not allow marauding bands to establish themselves upon its borders, with liberty to invade and plunder our citizens with impunity, and when pursued take refuge under Mexican protection, and if our officers crossed the boundary, they were met with hostile opposition, and our government instead of receiving redress, was met by delays, denials and postponements. Our government determined pursuit after marauders, regardless of frown or menace. Finally a body of our troops, in pursuit of a band of filibusters, was met by a detachment of the Mexican army drawn up in line of battle. Our general warned them to get out of the way, else he would fire upon them. They did not heed this. A battle resulted, and the "game of Texas played over again."

Then came bustle and lively times all over the country. Wages went up; wheat went up; giving a new impulse to the interest of the whole country; while the overplus of manufactured goods found a ready market open for about $40,000,000, giving a demand to the skill and industry of the States, and our farmers in opening an extensive market for beef, pork, flour, breadstuff, etc., giving encouragement to the dishearted. Then came the gold and silver mines in vogue,—the most productive in the world,—and the riches they would bring us worked with our modern improvements; and although nearly fifty years have passed, there seems to be no end to the riches this part of our country is bringing us. Very few lands are as rich in all that constitutes material prosperity and promise; it com-

prises every soil and climate. On the mountain slopes and plateax, you enjoy a climate of perfect salubrity and refreshment; find growing side by side, corn, banana, palm and tobacco. In the still higher regions of the capitol, etc., you will sleep all the year under a blanket, while feasting every day on the lusciousness brought by a few hours' rail from the fertile plains below. A country of every capability a bountiful God can give; its lower regions laughing in perpetual summer, and then by grand degrees of beauty and fertility ascending in mountain summits ever crowned with snow; a country whose very name brings to the mind visions of peerless splendor and romance; a country which Italia with all her love of beauty hath no fairer bloom; and Greece, with all her song, no prouder story; a country like unto what the prophet speaks: "A good land; a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness." . . . . Deut. VIII.

But resume. At the breaking out of the war, we organized a company, but there were so many that wanted to go, the government could not take one twentieth; indeed, so many did go, that it seemed like a crusade; all Mexico was overrun in less than sixty days. Her politicians, who tyrannized over the people, did all they could to carry on the war and hold office, but the people were anxious for good government, and begged to be annexed to a government that comes home to men's bosoms and firesides. They saw that Mexico could not take care of herself. Her people are brave; make excellent citizens; but demoralized by a long course of political corruption; her government from beginning without strength—a political volcano belching forth revolution upon revolution,

reble watchfires forever burning on the hillsides. Unstability and feuds of government cause farmers to fear to visit their farms, much less live on them, as they would likely be carried off by some rebellious chief, placed in a den until a good fat ransom was paid. Farm buildings have to be well walled and fortified, and carry on at times very respectable battles and seiges. Farms are large, and even under all these adverse circumstances, yield great revenues to their owners. On every train, one entire car is devoted to fifty troops, whose duty it is to see the train safely through regions of lawlessnes and rebellion. At every railroad station a body of cavalry is drawn up to protect the train from reble banditti. But the soldiers could not be trusted. Thievs, robbers, when arrested and condemned, are sent to the army, their punishment being to fight the battles of their country. What, then, could be expected of such politicians and soldiers but to hold power and destroy the country?

But we could not received Mexico without jealousy by the Old World. England's policy, not her love, sustained amicable relations with us while it suited her, but no longer; and Spain tried another of her old tricks—a gross insult upon our flag, which was only a repetition of past acts, when our citizens were shot in cold blood, without trial, without sympathy. Such direful acts were let pass with a few thousand rusty doubloons as expiatory. The most ignominious deaths awaited the patriots who attempted to throw off the most odious system of slavery that ever disgraced any country—lashed, spurned, robbed and outraged by the minions of foreign depotism, whose chains they were unable to shake off. But this was to end, and not in vain had the Cubans again and again stretched forth

their hands to us their free brethren, imploring, demanding that aid and co-operation, which freemen everywhere owe to the oppressed and enslaved, while in her country's sky, her scenery, her soil, she reads her titled deeds traced by the finger of God to freedom. Yes, the Queen of the Antilles was to be free; her free brethren would punish the conquistadores. Old Spain had hoodwinked our government long enough by her promises when she condemned hosts of patriots to death, but instead she clothed the murderers with honors or office. Popular feeling was bitter and determined that the murderers should be punished by our government. Old Spain remonstrated and declared war against us, and then the oppressed demanded that which we could not refuse,—that freedom which they had a right to, and prayed to be annexed, forever protected from tyranny, which our people did almost unanimously; yet there were some citizens who had imbibed the old fogy notions, as from the early days of our Republic, that an addition of a few more states to the original thirteen, would make our Union unwieldly, and that it would totter and fall. When California was admitted, rife was the prediction of ruin; we had reached the utmost verge of safety; its mongrel population would tarnish; its climate enervate; and its gold corrupt; but 'ere thirty years had passed it was altogether Americanized, and as homogeneous as Baltimore or New York. Said one of our public men fifty years ago, "We can gather under our wings Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Central America, for each addition of a new state imposes no burden, it is self-supporting. Each branch that falls from the banyan tree finds its own root, its own sustenance, grows luxuriantly, and adds its might to animate nature. The accrescent tendency

of the times cannot be denied or ignored. Fate has written it down in her leaves; opinion has registered it among her resolves, that all continental and outlying lands must, before long, fall under one flag, and that flag the one that carries so gloriously the *Stars and Stripes.*"

To resume. As I told you, I could not go to help in delivering Mexico from demagogues. As luck would have it, I joined a company early, which soon went up in two days from 40 to 130 men. We went to town once or twice a week, or oftener, to drill. All in excellent spirits, the last few evenings, which stole upon us calm and sweet as we finished our drill, diffused a soft and gentle influence over all, while the moon rose calm and bright, was an impression not to be forgotten in a lifetime. I remember well the warm sultry evening I was returning from a ball at the City Hall, the stars shining brilliantly in the serene sky; the frogs and katydids had ceased their lullaby, and all nature had sunk to rest. When I reached home, it was well nigh morning. However, I had a sound nap before summoned to breakfast. All faces were bright and smiling, and I felt very happy with the notice I received the evening before, that I should join my company next morning to join our regiment, that I could take part in the honors of our country. It was past noon when all the companies reached town; while citizens from all parts of the country were coming into town in every variety of vehicle, and such an outpouring of the people had never been seen in Frederick before; but animated by patriotism, they dropped their work, in order to show their devotion for oppressed brethren. Even the gay, handsome ladies in countless numbers graced the occasion with their presence, and waved their handkerchiefs, showing the deep

interest they had taken in our cause. Soon we were marching down Market street, to take the train for Baltimore, amid deafening huzzahs, to say nothing of the excellent music the bands of Frederick and other places favored us with—those familiar soul-stirring patriotic airs.

I never saw Frederick prettier. Business suspended, as every one wanted holiday. All houses decorated, and many beautiful arches erected, and a number of large flags thrown to the breeze. Market street presented a grand appearance—a continuous stream of flags, evergreens and banners. Bidding farewell to our relations and friends, we were soon on the cars. At several places along the road, shouting crowds, hoarse and valorous, sent us, as we passed, their hopes and wishes. Our men, gay and cheerful and careless, confident of being ready at any moment, capable of performing, and more than performing, their duty, they looked battle in the face with a smile, and were ready to hob nob with an enemy, were he present. A good many had taken more than enough to drink, and become somewhat noisy.

When we reached Baltimore, we heard the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, and the shouts and cheers of the thousands. We were in an ecstasy of eager curiosity. The newsboys shouting off their papers by a glorious victory—the fleet has gained a glorious victory. The papers were sold in a thrice; those who were off the train first succeeded in getting a few copies, while myself with numbers were trying to get all the information we could, but only succeed with such sentences as we could catch from the joyious crowds, as a glorious victory; a victory such as had never been known before in the waters of Columbia; a victory that would send a thrill of ecstasy to every heart

throughout the land. Not humbled the allies, but so discouraged them that they dare not even show fight; they were vanished; Columbian Archipelago is ours. The plan of battle was admirable; the ships formed into line; it was a sublime sight, this fleet of fifty war-ships; mailed that the balls of the enemy glanced off like an Indian's arrow on the skin of an alligator; gracefully swept into line, so silent, so elegant, awaiting the enemy, soon to burst into the loudest thunder for eight long hours; vessel after vessel of the enemy sunk by her side of an armament of over two hundred choice war-ships, rushing around her far more fiercer than wolves around a dying stag; the vessels enveloped in smoke that no eye could penetrate, burst forth incessantly from the tumultous malstrom of darkness, sending such bolts as never hurled from the fabled hands of Jupiter Olympus, glancing from off our armor, riccocheting over the water in all directions. The smoke-stacks of some of our ships were riddled with shot; flag-staffs shot away, and anchors bent, some as if they had been molded lead, but none the worse hurt, save a few scratches on their ironed-cased batterries. Thrice is he armed who has his cause just.

News had arrived of the destruction of the allied fleet. Old England had become exasperated at our government without giving her a cause, allied her fleet with Spain to defeat Cuba. She declared that war was for her advantage, a protection to her West India colonies, and as soon as she heard of our conflict with Mexico, sent out troops, ammunitions and men-of-war; and the London papers declared that England was interested to proclaim war, and teach young America a lesson not to meddle in West India possessions. Yes, liberty-loving England, that boasts of

fighting for the oppressed of all lands, but when was she ever known to favor an oppressed people, throwing off the yoke of despotism? Alas! let Ireland from centuries of miserable oppression say what heart has England to favor freedom.

Meanwhile, we were hurrying on board the shipping—aboard the Osceola—the wonder of the age, a new masted broadside ocean-going ironclad, built for speed, and carrying the maximum of armor and armament consistent with seaworthy qualities. Yes, we were on board the majestic Osceola just from the navy yard, hurrying to the scenes of war in scarce less than a fortnight since the barbarous cruelties had aroused our citizens. Sea-sickness was all but encouraging, but as this was my first voyage I had much to learn.

CHAPTER IV.

All were happy and enthusiastic at the prospect of being able to take part in the triumph of our country, and were inspirited at the sight of the beautiful war-ships. The morning of the fifth day was mild and lovely; the soldiers in the highest delight with the saturnalia, jokes and fun. At night anxious faces looked southward, perchance to see the island in the distance. 'Ere long we were within sight of the castles of Havana. Havana is defended by three forts or castles—Moro, Punto and Cabanas. The first two forts command the entire entrance to the harbor—a kind of channel scarcely more than three hundred yards wide, and about a thousand long. On the left of this entrance is the far-famed Moro Castle, with little of the grimaces of a fortress about it, but much of the dreamy and delicate beauty of an enchanted palace. Its light golden brown seemed to grow out of, rather than to be built upon, a ridge of rocks curiously worn and seamed by the action of the water, from the midst of which rose a single lofty, slender tower, with a graceful balcony, a long line of embrasures for cannon, and a beacon at the top; the whole looking so slight and aerial in the shimmering sunshine that it soon tumbled into a heap of ruins when two hundred pound balls from a couple of our broadsides struck it. Behind this is a huge, strong fort—the "Cabanas"—commanding the city and greater part of the bay. On the right of the entrance is the Punto Castle, a smaller, less important fort than Moro, well suited to the times of

Philip II, but not the wise, enlightened days of the nineteenth century. Back of this in either direction stretches the city.

A bombardment was determined on. Each ship placed so as to throw a broadside into the forts. It was an appalling storm descending upon the Spanish like the fabled bolts of Jove. The scene aboard was novel and thrilling. The thunder of the conflict drowned all noises. Terror and grandeur of war were there, without its carnage and misery. No blood-stained decks; no groans of the wounded or dying; enveloped in enough peril to rouse all to a delerium of enthusiasm. Bombs rose from the ships in a majestic sweep through the air, and then fell directly into the forts, exploading with a roar equal to the loudest thunder. The Spanish could not withstand this. Their cry of *"Santiago y cierra Espana"*—Saint Jago and charge Spain—was useless here. When a panic in an army commences, reason is gone. They dropped their arms and fled like sheep before the hound, leaving everything they had behind them—their coats which they had thrown off, their watches, their guns, in fact all the spoils of the camp. Punto was abandoned; Moro in ruins; but Cabanas was still there, where the foe had centered their last hope of Cuba.

While the bombardment was going on, we were landing, that is the land force which was to co-operate with the fleet. When the first boats neared the shore they were fired upon with heavy guns secreted on the coast, when the Osceola neared and threw a few dozen sharpnells among them; they could not withstand these, and molested us no farther. But the "Queen of the Antilles" was not taken so easily. They retreated out of reach of our shipping

only, then determined on a desperate resistence. We landed, marched a distance, then threw a sort of redoubt up, when the enemy, recovering from his fright, had returned to meet us. We were ordered to lie down behind our unfinished works; however, the bank protected most of us. Our colonel was the only one exposed, for he rode up and down our line steady as a rock. We were all pleased to see him so cool.

Time seemed endless while we had to lay thus inactive. We could not, of course, help peering over the bank, to try and see what was going on; but there was nothing to be made out, for now a tremendous thunderstorm, which had been gathering all the afternoon, burst on us, and a torrent of almost blinding rain came down, which obscured the view, even more than the smoke, while the crashing of the thunder, and the glare of the lightning could be heard and seen, even above the roar and flash of the artillery. Once, when the rain somewhat abated, the trade winds lifted the smoke, when we saw a skirmishing party in the valley,—a grand scene in the dark green, encompassed in a curtain of smoke all around, and a clear gap in the centre, with a sudden gleam of evening sunshine lighting up. The steep, smoth slope of the hill was crowded with dark figures of the enemy, whom I now saw for the first time, —an irregular outline in front, but very solid in the rear. The whole body was moving forward in fits and starts, with a great noise and clang, like as if they intended to frighten us away, while the men firing and advancing; the officers waving their swords; the columns closing up, and gradually making way. Our men were concealed by bushes and trees, whence the smoke and their fire could be seen proceeding. Presently from these bushes came out a

blue line and dashed down the brow of the hill, a flame of fire belching out from the front as it advanced. The enemy hesitated, gave way, and finally ran back in a confused crowd down the hill. Then the smoke covered the scene; but the glimpse of this splendid charge was inspiring, and I hoped we should show the same coolness when it came to our turn.

Now came our turn. For a few minutes we saw nothing, but a rattle of bullets, which came through the smoke, mostly, however, passing over our bank. We began to fire in reply, stepping up against the bank to fire and stooping down to load; but our brigade major rode up with an order, and the word was passed through the men to reserve our fire. In a very few moments it must have been, that when ordered to stand, we could see the helmit, spikes, and then the dark figures of the skirmishers, as they came on; a lot of them there appeared to be, five or six deep, I should say, but in loose order, each man stopping to aim and fire, and then coming forward a little. Just then the brigadier came clattering on horseback up to us. "Now then, boys, give it them hot," he cried; and fire away we did, as fast as ever we were able.

How long this went on, I know not,—it could not have lasted long; neither side could have lasted many minutes under such a fire, but it ended by the enemy fleeing in confusion, and as soon as we saw that, we raised a tremendous shout, and jumped upon the bank to give them our parting shots. Suddenly the order was passed down the line to cease firing, and we soon discovered the cause. Several companies of infantry were charging obliquely across from our left across our front. It was, I expect, their flank attack as much as our fire which had driven

back the enemy, and it was a splendid sight to see their steady line as they advanced slowly across the valley below us, firing as they went, but as steady as if on parade. We felt greatly elated; the enemy was flying, the battle was won. We were driving them into Havana, which we soon made succumb, with, I do not remember the exact number of prisoners, but many thousand, besides great quantities of munitions of war.

* * * *

We were soon in the beautiful city, with its balmy air, shady balconies—all gilded in noontide glory. How the sunshine gathers things in its passionate embrace—spires, ceibas houses, palms, gardens—and breathes over them all a soft, delicious languor. The air is full of the soothing murmurousness of gauzy-winged insects, swarming, floating, and shining; and somewhat afar is a faint sound that comes from the ocean. The atmosphere is of a mellow, creamy tint, quite different from its clear whiteness at the North; you think it must have been filtered through gold, or fused in a crucible with amber, 'ere it was shed over this enchanted isle; or you wonder how many ripe, gorgeous, glowing sunsets it has dissolved and holds in solution to give it such wonderful softness of tone and rare luminousness of tint. Seen through this warm, palpitating medium, objects do not stand out sharp and clear, as in our colder atmosphere; their outlines soften, waver, grow vague and dreamy, and their colors are smoothed and blended, until you cease to think about details, and know only that you are living in a picture, and breathing sunshine—sunshine which is sweetness to your lungs and repose to your heart. Your cares are soothed; your pains and ills fall from you like ill-fitting garments; all the

dark realities of your life have a rainbow border, like objects seen through a prism. Your imagination is enriched; you no longer aspire to be a philanthrophist, but you are inly persuaded that you were born a poet, and have mysterious kinships with palm groves and flowers. Sweet verses of rare old songs come fitfully to your lips; gorgeous bits of Arabian Nights and imagery float hazily through your memory; aircastles rise, rosehued and radient, on the sapphire foundation of the cloudless sky; existence is become a luxury, and life a dream!

CHAPTER V.

Meanwhile, we were received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm by the Cubans, who were so glad that they were free, so joyous that in future joy and peace would dwell in harmony among them. No tyrants to oppress ; no bayonets to keep them in subjection ; no purchased permit to travel in their lovely isle ; no tax or written contract to repair their buildings, or move from one house into another.

But we did not stop here. Every island in the whole Columbian Archipelago was ours ; and old Spain and old England had no more to say in West India rule ; and then came Canada, yes, Canada, which we had been longing and waiting for over a hundred years. When old England made war on us, the Fenians, a liberty-loving brotherhood, who wanted to see Canada free, rallied, invaded Canada, drove out British authority, without much trouble, and the Canadian militia, of which there were so much talk, did not amount to anything in support of foreign authority. They joined the Fenians in whole companies, relying upon their promises. "We come," said the Fenians, "to sever your foreign allegiance. We are your friends. In us you may confide. We only make war against foreign foes. Our sole quarrel is with oppressors who rule you." Our government did not have to spend a cent in this Fenian invasion, all borne by the generous, humane brotherhood.

Each province soon knocked at the door of our Union for admission as a state, and happy we were to see the poor

Canadians free and under the Stars and Stripes, while our government was fast extending its bounds to the lines pointed out with ecstatic delight by the prophets, and which the wise had long understood must speedily be accomplished, for it is written, "I will give knowledge to them that understandeth." The rest of the outlying lands of the continent soon followed, and the boundary of the fifth nationality is complete, and the good administration of President Sherman about to close so illustrious and progressive, with such prosperity that tongue cannot tell, or pen discribe, and the thanksgiving of myriads who sorrowed in panic made him the idol in the hearts of grateful millions, and his name goes down the ages with those few mortals whom the Almighty ordained to control the destinies of the world. And now nearly fifty years have passed, we are still advancing in intellectual and material progress and development, through public education and industrial enterprise, and the eyes of the people are open to the prophecy and our glorious Republic—the fifth great nationality that was to come, awaiting the dawn of the millennial morn.

That glorious day so often referred to in the Holy Bible —that resplendent day long the theme of so many promises to the good and true of every age, hallowed hope of the Christian, and the song that made Judah's sacred mountains shake with expectant joy. The cloudless splendor from a new heaven will beam on the inhabitants of a new earth in that happy millennial when there will be but one kind of civil government known, and that will be Republicanism, and but one religion known, and that will be Christianity. Not that every man will be a holy man, for the final judgement will come, when wise and foolish

virgins, the righteous and the wicked, will both be upon earth; but a long circle of ages called the millennial—a certain given for an indefinite number of years—in which the means for the elevation of the world will be multiplied, commerce and trade, agriculture and manufactures, science and art, will extend, the gospel of the Son of God have universal welcome among the nations of the earth, and nations learn to war no more.

Then will the apocalyptic angel, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation and people and tongue, sweep the breath of heaven, and as his silvery pinions of light shave the levil horizon, every island and continent shall bow obsequeous to his message: "Fear God and give glory to him; and worship him that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

(THE END OF PART FIRST.)

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